

# The PRICE

By FRANCIS LYNDIE

ILLUSTRATIONS by C. D. RHODES

Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons

## CHAPTER XXIV—Continued.

He had climbed the steps of the broad veranda when he heard his name called softly from the depths of one of the great wicker lounging chairs half hidden in the veranda shadows. In a moment he had placed another of the chairs for himself, dropping into it wearily.

"I saw you at the gate," she said. "The men are still holding out."

"We are holding out. The plant is closed, and it will stay closed until we can get another force of workmen."

"There will be lots of suffering," she ventured.

"It's no use," he said, answering her thought. "There is nothing in me to appeal to."

"There was yesterday, or the day before," she suggested.

"Perhaps. But yesterday was yesterday, and today is today. As I told Raymer a little while ago, I've changed my mind."

"No," she denied. "You only think you have. But you didn't come here to tell me that?"

"No. I came to ask a single question. How is Mr. Galbraith?"

"He is a very sick man."

"You mean that there is a chance that he may not recover?"

"More than a chance, I'm afraid."

After a moment of silence Griswold said, "I did my best; you know I did my best."

Her answer puzzled him a little.

"I could almost find it in my heart to hate you if you hadn't."

Silence again, broken only by the whispering of the summer night breeze rustling the leaves of the lawn oaks and the lapping of tiny waves on the lake beach. At the end of it, Griswold got up and groped for his hat.

"I'm going home," he said. "It has been a pretty strenuous day, and there is another one coming. But before I go I want you to promise me one thing. Will you let me know immediately, by phone or messenger, if Mr. Galbraith takes a turn for the better?"

"Certainly," she said; and she let him say good-night and get as far as the steps before she called him back.

"There was another thing," she began, with the sober gravity that he could never be sure was not one of her many poses, and not the least alluring one. "Do you believe in God, Kenneth?"

The query took him altogether by surprise, but he made shift to answer it with becoming seriousness.

"I suppose I do. Why?"

"It is a time to pray to him," she said softly; "to pray very earnestly that Mr. Galbraith's life may be spared."

He could not let that stand.

"Why should I concern myself, especially?" he asked, adding: "Of course, I'm sorry, and all that, but—"

"Never mind," she interposed, and she left her chair to walk beside him to the steps. "I've had a hard day, too, Kenneth, boy, and I—I guess it has got on my nerves. But, all the same, you ought to do it, you know."

He stopped and looked down into the eyes whose depths he could never wholly fathom.

"Why don't you do it?" he demanded.

"I? Oh, God doesn't know me; and, besides, I thought—oh, well, it doesn't matter what I thought. Good-night."

And before he could return the leave-taking word, she was gone.

Raymer's prediction that the real trouble would begin when the attempt should be made to start the plant with imported workmen was amply fulfilled during the militant week which followed the opening of hostilities. Each succeeding day saw the inevitable increase of lawlessness. From taunts and abuse the insurrectionaries passed easily to violence. Street fights, when the trampish place-takers came in any considerable numbers, were of daily occurrence, and the tale of the wounded grew like the returns from a battle. By the middle of the week Raymer and Griswold were asking for a sheriff's posse to maintain peace in the neighborhood of the plant; and were getting their first definite hint that someone higher up was playing the game of politics against them.

"No, gentlemen; I've done all the law requires and a little more," was the sheriff's response to the plea for better protection.

"In other words, Mr. Bradford, you've got your orders from the men higher up, have you?" rasped Griswold, who was by this time lost to all sense of expediency.

"I don't have to reply to any such charge as that," said the chief peace officer, turning back to his desk; and so the brittle little conference ended.

"All of which means that we shall lose the plant guard of deputies that Bradford has been maintaining," commented Raymer, as they were descending the courthouse stairs; and again his prediction came true. Later in the day the guard was withdrawn; and Griswold, savagely reluctant, was

forced to make a concession repeatedly urged and argued for by the older men among the strikers, namely, that the guarding of the company's property be entrusted to a picked squad of the ex-employees themselves.

During these days of turmoil and rioting the transformed idealist passed through many stages of the journey down a certain dark and mephitic valley not of amelioration. Fairness was gone, and in its place stood angry resentment, ready to rend and tear. Pity and truth were going; the daily report from Margery told of the lessening chance of life for Andrew Galbraith, and the stirrings evoked were neither regretful nor compassionate. On the contrary, he knew very well that the news of Galbraith's death would be a relief for which, in his heart of hearts, he was secretly thirsting.

## CHAPTER XXV.

## Margery's Answer.

"Well, it has come at last," said Raymer next morning, passing a newly opened letter of the morning delivery over to Griswold. "The railroad people are taking their work away from us. I've been looking for that in every mail."

Griswold glanced at the letter and handed it back. The burden was lying heavily upon him, and his only comment was a questioning, "Well?"

At this, Raymer let go again.

"What's the use?" he said dejectedly. "We're down, and everything we do merely prolongs the agony. Do you know that they tried to burn the plant last night?"

"No; I hadn't heard."

"They did. They had everything fixed; a pile of kindlings laid in the corner back of the machine shop annex and the whole thing saturated with kerosene."

"Well, why didn't they do it?" queried Griswold, half-heartedly. After the heavens have fallen, no mere terrestrial cataclysm can evoke a thrill.

"That's a mystery. Something happened; just what, the watchman who had the machine shop beat couldn't tell. He says there was a flash of light bright enough to blind him, and then a scrap of some kind. When he got out of the shop and around to the place, there was no one there; nothing but the pile of kindlings."

Griswold took up the letter from the railway people and read it again. When he faced it down on Raymer's desk, he had closed with the conclusion which had been turning itself upon him since the early morning hour when he had picked his way among the sidewalk pools to the plant from upper Shawnee street.

"You can still save yourself, Edward," he said, still with the colorless note in his voice. And he added: "You know the way."

Raymer jerked his head out of his desk and swung around in the pivot-chair.

"See here, Griswold; the less said about that at this stage of the game, the better it will be for both of us," he exploded. "I'm going to do as I said I should, but not until this fight is settled, one way or the other!"

Griswold did not retort in kind.

"The condition has already expired by limitation; the fight is as good as settled now," he said, placably. "We are only making a hopeless bluff. We can hold our forty or fifty tramp workmen just as long as we pay their board over in town, and don't ask them to report for work. But the day the shop whistle is blown, four out of every five will vanish. We both know that."

"Then there is nothing for it but a receivership," was Raymer's gloomy decision.

"Not without a miracle," Griswold admitted. "And the day of miracles is past."

The idealist, out of a depth of wretchedness and self-exprobration hitherto unplumbed. But if he could have had even a momentary gift of telepathic vision he might have seen a miracle at that moment in the preliminary stage of its outworking.

The time was half-past nine; the place a grotto-like summer house on the Mercedes lawn. The miracle workers were two: Margery Griswold, radiant in the daintiest of morning house gowns, and the man who had taken her residence. Miss Griswold was curiously examining a photographic print; the pictured scene was a well-lighted foundry yard with buildings forming an angle in the near background. Against the buildings a pile of shavings with kindlings showed quite clearly; and, stooping to ignite the pile, was a man who had evidently looked up at, or just before, the instant of camera-snapping. There was no mistaking the identity of the man. He had a round, pig-jowl face; his brilliant mustaches stood out stiffly as if in sudden horror; and his hat was on the back of his head.

"It ain't very good," Broffin apologized. "The sun ain't high enough yet to make a clear print. But you said 'hurry,' and I reckon it will do."

Miss Griswold nodded. "You caught

him in the very act, didn't you?" she said coolly. "What did he hope to accomplish by setting fire to the works?"

"It was a frameup to capture public sympathy. There's been a report circulating 'round that Raymer and Griswold was going to put some of the ring-leaders in jail, if they had to make a case against 'em. Clancy had it charged up to the owners, themselves."

Miss Griswold was still examining the picture. "You made two of these prints," she asked.

"Yes; here's the other one—and the film."

"And you have the papers to make them effective?"

Broffin handed her a large envelope, unsealed. "You'll find 'em in there. That part of it was a cinch. Your governor ought to fire that man Murray. He was payin' Clancy in checks!"

Again Miss Griswold nodded.

"About the other matter?" she inquired. "Have you heard from your messenger?"

Broffin produced another envelope. It had been through the mails and bore the Duluth postmark.

"Affidavits was the best we could do there," he said. "My man worked it to go with MacFarland as the driver of the rig. They saw some mighty fine timber, but it happened to be on the wrong side of the St. Louis county line. He's a tolerably careful man, and he verified the landmarks."

"Affidavits will do," was the evicted rejoinder. Then: "These papers are all in duplicate?"

"Everything in pairs—just as you ordered."

Miss Griswold took an embroidered chambray-skin money book from her bosom and began to open it. Broffin raised his hand.

"Not any more," he objected. "You overpaid me that evening in front of the Winnebago."

"You needn't hesitate," she urged. "It's my own money."

"I've had plenty."

"Then I can only thank you," she said, rising.

He knew that he was being dismissed, but the one chance in a thousand had yet to be tested.

"Just a minute, Miss Griswold," he begged. "I've done you right in this business, haven't I?"

"You have."

"I said I didn't want any more money, and don't. But there's one other thing. Do you know what I'm here in this little town of yours for?"

"Yes; I have known it for a long time."

"I thought so. You know it that day out at the De Soto, when you were telling Mr. Raymer a little story that was partly true and partly made up?"

"Every word of the story about Mr. Griswold—the story that you overheard, you know—was true; every sin-

gle word of it. Do you suppose I should have dared to embroider it the least little bit—with you sitting right there at my back?"

Broffin got up and took a half-burned cigar from the ledge of the summer house where he had carefully laid it at the beginning of the interview.

"You've got me down," he confessed, with a good-natured grin. "The man that plays a winnin' hand against you has got to get up before sun in the morning and hold all trumps. Miss Griswold—to say nothin' of being a mighty good bluffer, on the side." Then he switched suddenly.

"He is very low, but he is conscious again. He has asked us to wire for the cashier of his bank to come up."

Broffin's eyes narrowed.

"The cashier is sick and can't come," he said.

"Well, someone in authority will come, I suppose."

Once more Broffin was thinking in terms of speed. Johnson, the paying teller, was next in rank to the cashier. If he should be the one to come to Wahaska.

"If you haven't anything else for me to do, I reckon I'll be going," he said, hastily, and forthwith made his escape. The telegraph office was a good ten minutes' walk from the lake front, and in the light of what Miss Griswold had just told him, the minutes were precious.

Something less than a half-hour after Broffin's hurried departure, Miss Griswold drove by quieter thorough-

water and picked him—(chorus, "Ay, go on; he slipped off the hook, didn't he?") No. Mr. Scriptum lifted the mammoth fish, his tail flapping ferociously, and hung him on his pocket scales.

Inasmuch as trout are not known to have pockets, it is supposed that Mr. Scriptum, in his excitement playing fast and loose with pronouns, alluded to him. Mr. Scriptum's pocket scales. However, now comes the cruel blow. The fish weighed

11½ pounds. This is a record. But—Mr. Scriptum recollected suddenly—the law says that no angler may take more than ten pounds of trout in one day.

What was to be done? On one side fame and fortune beckoned, but there also threatened the stern face of the law. On the other side duty and honesty. Duty and honesty triumphed.

Mr. Scriptum says so, and he ought to know, and the record trout was sadly released, to return to its native waters. (Chorus, "Well, that's

far from the street upon which the Raymer property fronted. Stabbe was pouring from the tall central stack of the plant, and it had evidently provoked a sudden and wrathful gathering of the clans. The sidewalks were filled with angry workmen, and an excited argument was going forward at one of the barred gates between the locked-out men and a watchman inside of the yard.

The crowd let the trap pass without hindrance. Though it was the first time she had been in the new offices, she seemed to know where to find what she sought; and when Raymer took his face out of his desk, she was standing on the threshold of the open door and smiling across at him.

"May I come in?" she asked; and when he fairly bubbled over in the effort to make her understand how welcome she was: "No; I mustn't sit down, because if I do, I shall stay too long—and this is a business call. Where is Mr. Griswold?"

"He went up town a little while ago, and I wish to goodness he'd come back."

"You have been having a great deal of trouble, haven't you?" she said, sympathetically. "I'm sorry, and I've come to help you cure it."

Raymer shook his head despondently.

"I'm afraid it has gone past the curing point," he said.

"Oh, no, it hasn't. I have discovered the remedy and I've brought it with me." She took a sealed envelope from the inside pocket of her driving coat and laid it on the desk before him.

"I'm going to ask you to lock that up in your office safe for a little while, just as it is," she went on. "If there are no signs of improvement in the sick situation by three o'clock, you are to open it—and Mr. Griswold—and read the contents. Then you will know exactly what to do, and how to go about it."

Her lips were trembling when she got through, and he saw it. She was going then, but he got before her and shut the door and put his back against it.

"I don't know what you have done, but I can guess," he said, lost now to everything save the intoxicating joy of the barrier-breaker. "You have a heart of gold, Margery, and I—"

"Please don't," she said, trying to stop him; but he would not listen.

"No; before that envelope is opened, before I can possibly know what it contains, I'm going to ask you one question in spite of your prohibition; and I'm going to ask it now because, afterward, I may not—you may not—that is, perhaps it won't be possible for me to ask, or for you to listen. I love you, Margery; I—"

She was looking up at him with the faintest shadow of a smile lurking in the depths of the alluring eyes. And her lips were no longer tremulous when she said: "Oh, no, you don't. If I were as mean as some people think I am, I might take advantage of all this, mightn't I? But I shan't. Won't you open the door and let me go? It is very important."

"Heavens, Margery! Don't make a joke of it! He burst out. 'Can't you see that I mean it? Girl, girl, I want you—I need you!'"

This time she laughed outright. Then she grew suddenly grave.

"My dear friend, you don't know what you are saying. The gate that you are trying to break down opens upon nothing but misery and wretchedness. If I loved you as a woman ought to love her lover, for your sake and for my own I should still say no—a thousand times no! Now will you open the door and let me go?"

He opened the door and she slipped past him. But in the corridor she turned and laughed at him again.

"I am going to cure you—you, personally, as well as the sick situation—Mr. Raymer," she said flippantly. Then, mimicking him as a spoiled child might have done: "I might possibly learn to think of you—in that way—after a while. But I could never, never, never learn to love your mother and your sister."

And with that spiteful thrust she left him.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

## The Gray Wolf.

As it chanced, Jasper Griswold was in the act of concluding a long and apparently satisfactory telephone conversation with his agent in Duluth at the moment when the door of his private room opened and his daughter entered.

"You've got me down," he confessed, with a good-natured grin. "The man that plays a winnin' hand against you has got to get up before sun in the morning and hold all trumps. Miss Griswold—to say nothin' of being a mighty good bluffer, on the side." Then he switched suddenly.

"He is very low, but he is conscious again. He has asked us to wire for the cashier of his bank to come up."

Broffin's eyes narrowed.

"The cashier is sick and can't come," he said.

"Well, someone in authority will come, I suppose."

Once more Broffin was thinking in terms of speed. Johnson, the paying teller, was next in rank to the cashier. If he should be the one to come to Wahaska.

"If you haven't anything else for me to do, I reckon I'll be going," he said, hastily, and forthwith made his escape. The telegraph office was a good ten minutes' walk from the lake front, and in the light of what Miss Griswold had just told him, the minutes were precious.

Something less than a half-hour after Broffin's hurried departure, Miss Griswold drove by quieter thorough-

water and picked him—(chorus, "Ay, go on; he slipped off the hook, didn't he?") No. Mr. Scriptum lifted the mammoth fish, his tail flapping ferociously, and hung him on his pocket scales.

Inasmuch as trout are not known to have pockets, it is supposed that Mr. Scriptum, in his excitement playing fast and loose with pronouns, alluded to him. Mr. Scriptum's pocket scales. However, now comes the cruel blow. The fish weighed

11½ pounds. This is a record. But—Mr. Scriptum recollected suddenly—the law says that no angler may take more than ten pounds of trout in one day.

What was to be done? On one side fame and fortune beckoned, but there also threatened the stern face of the law. On the other side duty and honesty. Duty and honesty triumphed.

Mr. Scriptum says so, and he ought to know, and the record trout was sadly released, to return to its native waters. (Chorus, "Well, that's

far from the street upon which the Raymer property fronted. Stabbe was pouring from the tall central stack of the plant, and it had evidently provoked a sudden and wrathful gathering of the clans. The sidewalks were filled with angry workmen, and an excited argument was going forward at one of the barred gates between the locked-out men and a watchman inside of the yard.

The crowd let the trap pass without hindrance. Though it was the first time she had been in the new offices, she seemed to know where to find what she sought; and when Raymer took his face out of his desk, she was standing on the threshold of the open door and smiling across at him.

"May I come in?" she asked; and when he fairly bubbled over in the effort to make her understand how welcome she was: "No; I mustn't sit down, because if I do, I shall stay too long—and this is a business call. Where is Mr. Griswold?"

"He went up town a little while ago, and I wish to goodness he'd come back."

"You have been having a great deal of trouble, haven't you?" she said, sympathetically. "I'm sorry, and I've come to help you cure it."

Raymer shook his head despondently.

"I'm afraid it has gone past the curing point," he said.

"Oh, no, it hasn't. I have discovered the remedy and I've brought it with me." She took a sealed envelope from the inside pocket of her driving coat and laid it on the desk before him.

"Those papers and that picture are copies; the originals are in a sealed envelope in Mr. Raymer's safe. If you haven't taken your hands off of Mr. Raymer's throat by three o'clock this afternoon, the envelope will be opened."

Jasper Griswold's teeth met in the marrow of the fat cigar. Equally without heat and without restraint, he stripped her of all that was womanly, pouring out upon her a flood of foul epithets and vile names garnished with bitter, brutal oaths. She shrank from the crude and savage upbraiding as if the words had been hot irons to touch the bare flesh, but at the end of it she was still facing him hardily.

"Calling me a bad woman doesn't change anything," she pointed out, and her tone reflected something of his own elemental contempt for the euphemisms. "You have five hours in which to make Mr. Raymer understand that you have stopped trying to smash him. Wouldn't it be better to begin on that? You can curse me out any time, you know."

Jasper Griswold's rage fit, or the mud-volcano manifestation of it, passed as suddenly as it had broken out. Swinging heavily in his chair he took up the papers again, reread them thoughtfully, and then swung slowly to face the situation.

"Let's see what you want—show up your hand."

"I have shown it. Take the prop of your backing from behind this labor trouble, and let Mr. Raymer settle with his men on a basis of good-will and fair dealing."

"Is that all?"

"No. You must cancel this pinedeal deal. You have broken bread with Mr. Galbraith as a friend, and I'm not going to let you be worse than an Arab."

Griswold's shaggy brows met in a reflective frown, and when he spoke the bestial temper was rising again.

"When this is all over, and you've gone to live with Raymer, I'll kill him," he said, with an outburst of the hard jaw; adding: "You know me, Madge."

"I thought I did," was the swift retort. "But it was a mistake. And as for taking it out on Mr. Raymer, you'd better wait until I go to live with him, as you put it. Besides, this isn't Yellow Dog gulch. They hang people here."

"You little she-devil! If you push me into this thing, you'd better get Raymer, or somebody, to take you in. You'll be out in the street!"

"I have thought of that, too," she said, coolly; "about quitting you. I'm sick of it all—the getting and the spending and the crookedness. I'd put the money—yours and mine—in a pile and set fire to it, if some decent man would give me a calico dress and a chance to cook for two."

"Raymer, for instance?" the father cut in, in heavy mockery.

"Mr. Raymer has asked me to marry him, if you care to know," she struck back.

"Oh! So that's the milk in the cocoanut, is it? You sold me out to buy in with him!"

"You may put it that way, if you like; I don't care." She was drawing on her driving gloves methodically and working the fingers into place. And there were sudden fires in the brooding eyes.

"I've been thinking it was the other one—the book writer," said the father. Then, without warning: "He's a damned crook!"

The daughter went on smoothing the wrinkles out of the fingers of her gloves. "What makes you think so?" she inquired, with indifference, real or skillfully assumed.

"He's got too much money to be straight. I've been keeping cases on him."

"Never mind Mr. Griswold," she interposed. "He is my friend, and I suppose that is enough to make you hate him. About this other matter—ten minutes before three o'clock this afternoon I shall go back to Mr. Raymer. If he tells me that his troubles are straightening themselves out, I'll get the papers."

"You'll bring 'em here to me?"

"Some day; after I'm sure that you have broken off the deal with Mr. Galbraith."

Jasper Griswold let his daughter get as far as the door before he stopped her with a blunt-pointed arrow of contempt.

"I suppose you've fixed it up to marry that college-sharp doc so that his mother and sister can rub it into you right?" he sneered.

"You can suppose again," she returned, shortly. "If I should marry him, it would be out of pure spite to those women. Because, when he asked me, I told him no. You weren't counting on that, were you?" And having fired this final shot of contradiction she departed.

After Miss Griswold had driven home from the bank between ten and eleven in the morning, an admiring public saw her no more until just before bank-closing hours in the afternoon.

As she passed in the basket phaeton between half-past two and three through the overcrossing suburb there were signs of an armistice apparent, even before the battlefield was reached. Pottery Flat was populated again, and the groups of men bunched on the street corners argued peacefully. Miss Griswold pulled up at one of the corners and beckoned to a young iron-molder.

"Anything new, Malcolm?" she asked.

"You bet your sweet life!" said the young molder, meeting her, as most men did, on a plane of perfect equality and frankness. "We was hoodooed to beat the band, and Mr. Raymer's got us, comin' and goin'. There wasn't no orders from the big federation, at all; and that crooked guy, Clancy, was a fake!"

11½ pounds. This is a record. But—Mr. Scriptum recollected suddenly—the law says that no angler may take more than ten pounds of trout in one day.

What was to be done? On one side fame and fortune beckoned, but there also threatened the stern face of the law. On the other side duty and honesty. Duty and honesty triumphed.

Mr. Scriptum says so, and he ought to know, and the record trout was sadly released, to return to its native waters. (Chorus, "Well, that's

far from the street upon which the Raymer property fronted. Stabbe was pouring from the tall central stack of the plant, and it had evidently provoked a sudden and wrathful gathering of the clans. The sidewalks were filled with angry workmen, and an excited argument was going forward at one of the barred gates between the locked-out men and a watchman inside of the yard.

The crowd let the trap pass without hindrance. Though it was the first time she had been in the new offices, she seemed to know where to find what she sought; and when Raymer took his face out of his desk, she was standing on the threshold of the open door and smiling across at him.

"May I come in?" she asked; and when he fairly bubbled over in the effort to make her understand how welcome she was: "No; I mustn't sit down, because if I do, I shall stay too long—and this is a business call. Where is Mr. Griswold?"

"He went up town a little while ago, and I wish to goodness he'd come back."

"You have been having a great deal of trouble, haven't you?" she said, sympathetically. "I'm sorry, and I've come to help you cure it."

Raymer shook his head despondently.

"I'm afraid it has gone past the curing point," he said.

"Oh, no, it hasn't. I have discovered the remedy and I've brought it with me." She took a sealed envelope from the inside pocket of her driving coat and laid it on the desk before him.

"Those papers and that picture are copies; the originals are in a sealed envelope in Mr. Raymer's safe. If you haven't taken your hands off of Mr. Raymer's throat by three o'clock this afternoon, the envelope will be opened."

Jasper Griswold's teeth met in the marrow of the fat cigar. Equally without heat and without restraint, he stripped her of all that was womanly, pouring out upon her a flood of foul epithets and vile names garnished with bitter, brutal oaths. She shrank from the crude and savage upbraiding as if the words had been hot irons to touch the bare flesh, but at the end of it she was still facing him hardily.

"Calling me a bad woman doesn't change anything," she pointed out, and her tone reflected something of his own elemental contempt for the euphemisms. "You have five hours in which to make Mr. Raymer understand that you have stopped trying to smash him. Wouldn't it be better to begin on that? You can curse me out any time, you know."

Jasper Griswold's rage fit, or the mud-volcano manifestation of it, passed as suddenly as it had broken out. Swinging heavily in his chair he took up the papers again, reread them thoughtfully, and then swung slowly to face the situation.

"Let's see what you want—show up your hand."

"I have shown it. Take the prop of your backing from behind this labor trouble, and let Mr. Raymer settle with his men on a basis of good-will and fair dealing."

"Is that all?"

"No. You must cancel this pinedeal deal. You have broken bread with Mr. Galbraith as a friend, and I'm not going to let you be worse than an Arab."

Griswold's shaggy brows met in a reflective frown, and when he spoke the bestial temper was rising again.

"When this is all over, and you've gone to live with Raymer, I'll kill him," he said, with an outburst of the hard jaw; adding: "You know me, Madge."

"I thought I did," was the swift retort. "But it was a mistake. And as for taking it out on Mr. Raymer, you'd better wait until I go to live with him, as you put it. Besides, this isn't Yellow Dog gulch. They hang people here."

"You little she-devil! If you push me into this thing, you'd better get Raymer, or somebody, to take you in. You'll be out in the street!"

"I have thought of that, too," she said, coolly; "about quitting you. I'm sick of it all—the getting and the spending and the crookedness. I'd put the money—yours and mine—in a pile and set fire to it, if some decent man would give me a calico dress and a chance to cook for two."

"Raymer, for instance?" the father cut in, in heavy mockery.

"Mr. Raymer has asked me to marry him, if you care to know," she struck back.

"Oh! So that's the milk in the cocoanut, is it? You sold me out to buy in with him!"

"You may put it that way, if you like; I don't care." She was drawing on her driving gloves methodically and working the fingers into place. And there were sudden fires in the brooding eyes.

"I've been thinking it was the other one—the book writer," said the father. Then, without warning: "He's a damned crook!"

The daughter went on smoothing the wrinkles out of the fingers of her gloves. "What makes you think so?" she inquired, with indifference, real or skillfully assumed.

"He's got too much money to be straight. I've been keeping cases on him."

"Never mind Mr. Griswold," she interposed. "He is my friend, and I suppose that is enough to make